

*Tremenhere  
tell: Pen: suit*

T H E  
A C A D E M I C D R E A M :

A  
P O E M.

---

B Y  
A MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

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*— in qua ratione fuit contenta magis mens  
In somnis eadem plerumque videmus obise.*

LUCRETIVS.

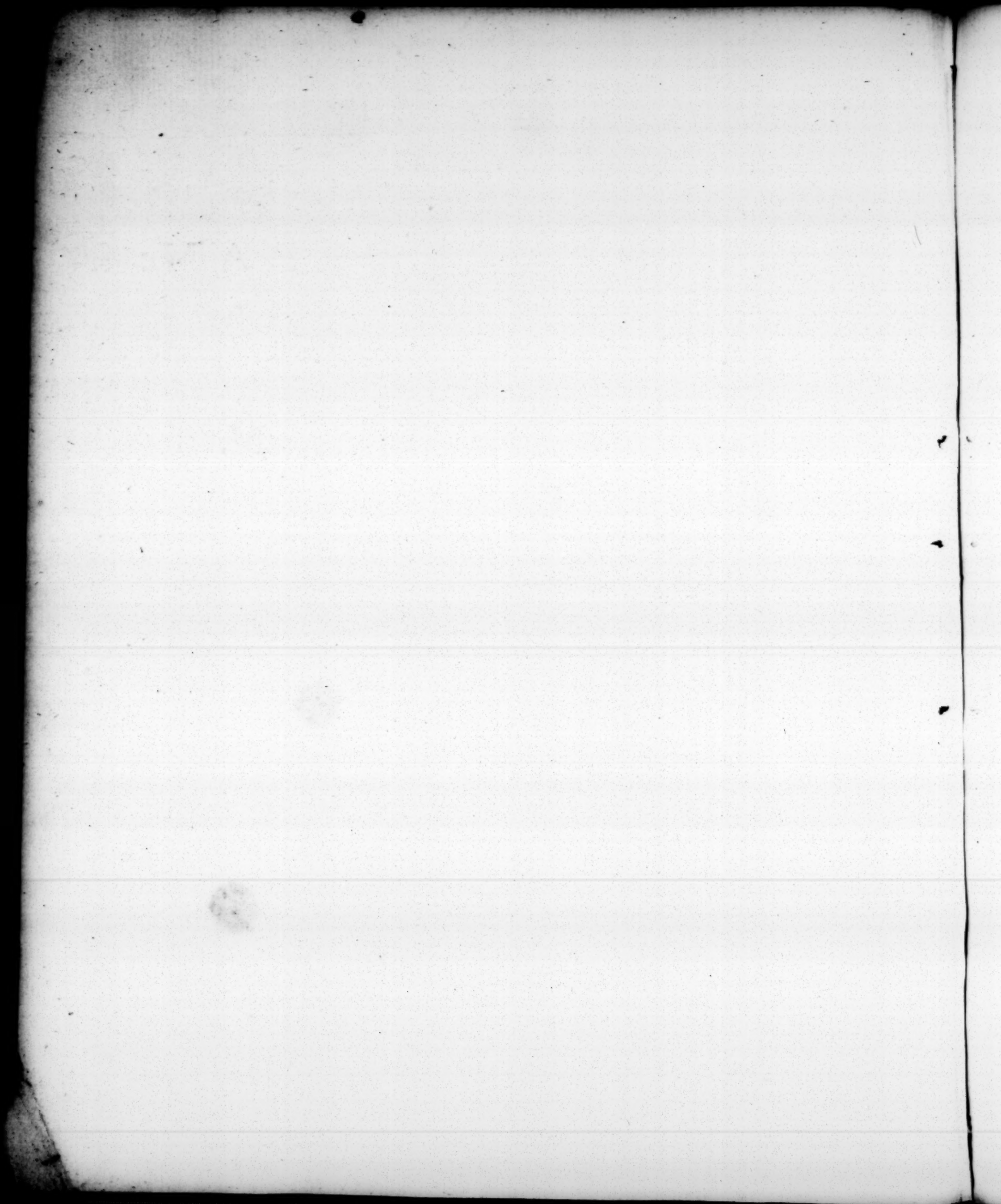
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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. BEW, in Paternoster-Row.

M DCC LXXIV.

[ PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIX-PENCE. ]





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## Advertisement to the Reader.

**I**T may not be altogether unnecessary to premise, that this Poem was by no means intended to villify Mathematicks in general, as that study, under proper limitations, is liberal and instructive ; but to attempt, in some measure, to stop that glaring excess to which it is carried in this University, to the exclusion of almost every other branch of useful knowledge. If by this means those invaluable  
monuments

monuments of antiquity, the Greek and Latin writers, should be in some measure reviv'd and patronis'd, it will be the greatest pleasure, and amplest recompence to

*The* AUTHOR.



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T H E

ACADEMICK DREAM.

---

**G**REAT god of versemen! parent of the lyre!

Whose genial rays infuse poetic fire---

In vain I call---not thy acuteſt beam,

Can penetrate the dulneſs of my theme.

Then thou aſſiſt, imaginary maid,

Phantaſia! daughter of that drowſy ſhade,

Whose power I ſing, that ſoporiferous god,

That lulls the ſenſe, and makes all nature nod;

B

Come



Come thou, and shed thine influence on my lays,  
 From thee they spring, and thine shall be the praise.

Goddefs, all hail ! I feel thee in my soul,  
 Lethargick numbers now begin to roll ;  
 The mind's fet free from thoughts coercive chain,  
 Luxuriant flights of fancy whirl the brain ;  
 Ye drowfy Academicks lend your ear,  
 Nor interruption from your slumbers fear.

At twelve last night, with lines and figures tired,  
 The only works of *genius here* admired,  
 My torpid mind with uselefs labour cross'd,  
 And in dry steps of demonstration lost,

Insensibly



Insensibly my wearied eyelids close,  
 And torture'd sense retiring, seeks repose.  
 When *squares*, and *triangles* in dread array,  
 With *plus*, and *minus* round my fancy play ;  
 Thus as I slept methought a phantom came,  
 Of neither mortal or immortal frame,  
 Sudden he stopt'd, and the dread silence broke,  
 In hollow accents thus his errand spoke.

“ Arise, dismiss your dull perplexing toil,  
 “ The sterile plant of this Bæotian soil,  
 “ Direct your studies to some useful end,  
 “ Nor reckon money you'll ne'er have to spend,

“ Who



“ Who in scholastick jargon used to bawl,

“ Can make a good exciseman after all ?”

Swift at his nod I rose, we wing'd our flight

And on the foggy realms of sleep alight,

An awful gloom increas'ing as we trod,

Mark'd out the mansion of the drowsy god.

As when the air denotes approaching rain,

The gathering snow, or northern hurricane,

A dusky veil o'er spreads the troubled skies,

And cloudy mountains on the welkin rise ;

Scarce peeping through the dreadful mist of night

The heavy structure caught my wondering sight.

Silent



Silent we enter'd the more silent hall,  
 And with a nod profound both prostrate fall ;  
 When thus the god of sleep with half-clos'd eyes,  
 And yawning from his ebon throne, replies ;

“ Thy veneration for our power we know,  
 “ Thy love, thy gratitude from whence they flow.  
 “ From that great *spring* where sleep's so much ador'd,  
 “ And with so many of my subjects stor'd,  
 “ Where exil'd fancy wanders still about,  
 “ \* With wisdom at each entrance quite shut out.

C

“ Thee,

---

\* ——— Wisdom at each entrance quite shut out.



“ Thee as the best and worthiest of our love,  
 “ We have selected from our friends above ;  
 “ Go then with Morpheus, chief of all my train,  
 “ Expatriate freely o’er this wide domain.”

He spoke, and with a nod the signal gave,  
 When the rous’d phantom led me to his cave,  
 Where leaning on his staff he thus began :

“ Tis’ I in dreams that personate the man,  
 “ Sometimes in things inanimate I move,  
 “ Or wield the soft artillery of love ;  
 “ Sometimes I break through reason’s slender web,  
 “ In shape of livings to apostate -----

“ Twas’



“ Twas’ I first form’d that comprehensive plan

“ To join the *scholar* with the *gentleman* ;

“ Inspir’d by me the gentle ~~-----~~ try’d,

“ To ~~wind~~ <sup>bind</sup> up *Euclid* with the *new Bath guide*.

“ Sometimes---but here you can’t expect to see,

“ In each dull lump of clay, variety,

“ Where doom’d to linger in this dreary spot,

“ Their lives creep on, one universal blot.

“ If they have any character at all,

“ Know but one character, you’ll know them all,

“ Explore



“ Explore these fons of apathy, you’ll find,  
 “ \* Two ruling passions actuate their mind ;  
 “ These only fix’d invariably keep,  
 “ The love of *figures*, and the love of *sleep* ;  
 “ Though some you’ll find, and those too not a few,  
 “ To make a *third*, have join’d the *former two*.  
 “ But think not men alone employ my care,  
 “ Sometimes I wanton with the sleeping fair ;  
 “ When nature calls Corinna to repose,  
 “ And o’er their radiant orbs her eyelids close,  
 “ About

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\* See Pope’s Moral Epist. II. l. 220.



" About her bed with winning grace I move  
 " Paint the soft impulse of enraptur'd love,  
 " Break through the rules that only prudes have taught,  
 " And lap her soul in extacy of thought.  
 " A conscious blush betrays the yielding maid,  
 " How ineffectual all her virtues aid !  
 " Soft broken murmurs, intervening sighs  
 " Too plainly tell that fair Corinna dies,  
 " When sudden wound-up fancy breaks her chain  
 " And reason occupies her post again,  
 " The trembling virgin though she's lost her beau,  
 " Is glad to find all things in statu quo.

D

" Oft-times



" Oft-times unseen, and liquified in air,  
 " I hover round the magisterial chair,  
 " Of that base wretch whom cursed avarice led,  
 " To rob the poor, and eat the orphan's bread.  
 " By vice exalted arrogantly rules  
 " The scourge and shame, of poor deluded fools  
 " Who made a traitor guardian of their laws,  
 " And by its champion damn'd a noble cause.  
 " I shake the sword of justice o'er his head,  
 " And tear that heart, that ne'er with pity bled,  
 " Torture his guilty mind with fancy'd racks,  
 " Pull the strong rope, and whet the fatal axe.  
 " When



“ When servile R---y---ds has dismiss’d the care  
 “ Of vilely cringing to the *good* Ld. M----r ;  
 “ When on his thorny pillow he is laid,  
 “ Cursing the dearth of pettifogging trade,  
 “ Scarce dropt to sleep, I take my silent stand,  
 “ And ply with double fees his itching hand,  
 “ The gilded bait his greedy fingers seize,  
 “ And the delusive idol closely squeeze.  
 “ He now no more to Rufus Hall will trudge,  
 “ Gold could make E---e, and why not him a judge?  
 “ Sheriff no more to Tyburn he’ll repair,  
 “ Unless his *private* business calls him there :

“ Thus



- “ Thus for a while deluded fancy’s fed,  
 “ But with the night the train of grandeur’s fled.  
 “ Swift from his hands the fees dissolving fly,  
 “ He wakes, and finds a dreadful *alibi*.  
 “ Where to the clouds those dreadful cliffs arise,  
 “ Fix’d to a rock extended *Genius* lies,  
 “ There wastes in pain, the dull revolving time,  
 “ Prometheus like, in punishment, and crime.  
 “ She too above dull mortals dared aspire,  
 “ Rais’d men from *dust*, and caught the *heavenly fire*.  
 “ Near her the rough unpolish’d ----- stands,  
 “ With the dread hammer in his brawny hands,  
 “ While



" While with a face so uniformly sour,  
 " Black \* ----- of ~~Sidney~~ tries the *wedges power*.  
 " Old \* ----- joins the throng with tottering pace,  
 " Join'd to transcendant emptiness of face,  
 " Like an old Raven shakes his dusky wings,  
 " And gnawing to the bleeding vitals clings.  
 " See Mathematicks dreadfully appear,  
 " Alike the instruments of torture *here*.

E

" See

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\* These personages have obligingly revived the laborious characters of  
 Κρατος, & Βία in the Prometheus Δεσμωτης, of Æschylus.



" See Gray so used to melt the tender eyes,  
 " Stretch'd on the orbit of a *circle* dies !  
 " And Goldsmith whom deserted Auburn haïed,  
 " See on a pointed *triangle* impaled !  
 " And to encrease their torment, while there rackt,  
 " Two undergraduate Devils keep an *act* :  
 " Who stun their ears with Segments, and Equations,  
 " Moons horizontal, Tangents, and Vibrations,  
 " In all the jargon of *your* schools these pat in;  
 " Bating they speak a little better Latin.  
 " On to'ther side in furly state you see,  
 " The dull *historical epitome*.

" Murder'd



" Murder'd by him poor Sidney bleeds again,  
 " And laurel'd heroes feel reviving pain,  
 " While substituting impudence for truth  
 " He gulls the gaping lord, and tinfell'd youth,  
 " And by a flow of gibberish cements,  
 " Jumble of facts, and hodge-podge of events.  
 " See Euclid proudly spurns the Mantuan muse,  
 " While gentle Horace wipes Maclaurin's shoes,  
 " There Homer learns the theory of light,  
 " And tortur'd Ovid learns to sum and write.  
 " While all their works and commentators too;  
 " Make one great football for the *learned* crew."

Eager



Eager I join'd to kick the motley ball,  
 But found I'd struck my foot against the wall,  
 And by the shock, struck from its dusty shed,  
 A large neglected Pindar broke my head.

*F I N I S.*



